



She's still here

HammCheddr

She's still here by HammCheddr

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Card Games, Crying, FIRTST IT FIC YALL, Gen, Hurt, Hurt/Comfort, IT - Freeform, It gets kinda better, Oneshot, Scared Stanley, Stan is still scared, might make it a series, scared, this is kinda weird

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Pennywise, Ritchie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Stanley Uris and Everyone

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-09-10

Updated: 2017-09-10

Packaged: 2020-01-20 16:15:08

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Chapters: 1

Words: 835

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

After almost a year since Stan and the gang managed to subdue Pennywise, it seems that Stan is not yet over his fear of the distorted face of the woman in the painting.

He feels like he's always being watched, and that any day...

It will come back.

She's still here

Author's Note:

Hey guys! Just wanted to say that I've never written these characters before and that this might be bad idk

Just watched It last night and I immediately fell in love with these characters! They all have such an interesting story!

I have a personal favorite (Stanley duh) and I truly love him and will protect him with my life. I didn't see ANY fics on this fandom, so fuck yeah I'm writing one.

ENJOY !!

People thought Stan was okay. Thought that since the whole clown fiasco was over, he'd automatically be fine. And, yeah, the first few days wasn't too bad. He'd go about his day like any other normal kid. Wake up, go to school, come home, sleep.

But then something changed. Stan wasn't truly sure what it was exactly, but the constant itch of something watching him became just a little more noticeable, and it became worse and worse everyday, to the point where it was unbearable.

She's watching me. O-oh god she's in my room.... please no, not again

The thought of her watching him was a never ending gnawing feeling in his chest. It bit and scratched against his skin, and fought against his shivering form.

It had become so bad, in fact, that he couldn't even bring himself to get out of bed. The mental image of that... thing ripping at its face was a constant reminder that she had touched him. Had put her distorted hands all over his body. Had kept him restrained as her endless sets of teeth descended and-

“Stanley?”

“Y-yes dad?” He whimpered.

“How about you go outside. Get out of the house for once, yeah? Spend time with your friends.”

Your friends? No.... no they weren't your friends

Stanley clenched his eyes shut at the reminder.

They left you. Left you for her. They don't care about you

They left you.

A soft sob escaped his lips, and for a second he thought his dad had heard him. Part of him wanted his dad to hear, so he could scare her away. The other part didn't because... well, what kind of man cries? Surely his dad was disgrace him.

So he sat there, on his bed, head curled between his knees, alone. In silence.

She's not here she's not here she's not-

“Hiya Stanley!”

It's here.

“Gee, long time no see, huh buddy?”

“Y-y-you're not r-real.” He murmured to himself.

“Oh, don't you say that. Remember me? From last summer? Well, it just so happens that you're emitting a pretty good amount of...” It took a deep breath, “fear.”

Stan shivered, and once again squeezed his eyes shut. He didn't want to look at those beady yellow eyes again, didn't want to cringe in disgust at the perverted smile that always crept on its face at your unease. He just... didn't care.

He flinched when a rough hand came to rest on his back. He hadn't

realized he was cry until now, actually. Fat tears rolled down his red cheeks, as he screamed.

The hand turned into two, and they made their way to his lower back, and wrapped around his waist.

It was touching him oh g-god it's touching him he's going to die

The hands now rested on his thighs, slowly creeping forward closer and closer and now they're grabbing and yanking and tearing and there's so much pain. So much fear he can't handle it and-

"AH!" He shot out of his bed, yelping when he accidentally stumbled off of it and fell to the ground. Stan's right shoulder flared in pain, as tears began gathering once more. Gripping his arm tenderly, he slowly gathered himself. He sniffled, rubbing at the snot that had appeared most likely from his cries.

Slowly, Stan picked himself up and stood on shaky feet. He wasn't sure where to go, but all he knew was that he'd needed out of the house. His soft steps and the occasional creak in the floor comforted him, became something to focus on.

It was only a dream, Stan. Only a dream.

It had to be around midnight. Stars littered the night sky, and there wasn't a person in sight. Looking around helplessly, he remembered the homeschooled kid lived just a block away in a small shack.

Once there, Stan wasn't totally sure how to approach asking for comfort. Does he straight up start crying? Or... should he simply talk about his feelings and admit he's still scared. Maybe he should just go home. Shouldn't burden someone else with his proble-

"STAN HOLY SHIT." He flinched at the familiar shrilly voice of Ritchie. "Where the fuck have you been?"

Immediately, other voices could be heard. Peeking his head inside, Stan's tired eyes lay upon quite the scene. The whole gang was here. Well, everyone except Bev, who moved but promised to return. Stan stared in confusion.

They're here. They care about you. They didn't leave you.

"I-I..." Stan was at a loss for words, but Ritchie pulled him inside anyways. Bill and Mike offered him a smile, while Ben simply dealt him a set of cards. "W-what are we playing?" He asked softly.

"Go fish." Eddie replied. Stanley nodded, biting at his lip and squirming slightly. Everything was... okay. Things were, or at least they seemed, normal. His friends remembered him, didn't leave him, were simply just right outside the door. It was just up to him whether he'd open it or not.

Author's Note:

I might make more stories to correspond with this fic
but idk yet

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